

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR, BUT WHEN IT COMES—HERE'S JANET BLAIR.

We don't quite know what this photograph is all in aid of, but it looks nice and may cool you off a bit, if the weather's a bit close where you are.

—And here CALL BOY tells you all about

WHAT GOES TO MAKE A FILM

SUPPOSE everyone who did their bit toward the making of a picture received credit, there'd be close to a thousand feet of credit titles and nearly every nation on earth would be mentioned.

From the Union of South Africa, diamonds are used, not for the adornment of the lovely ladies of the screen, but for fine machine work and bearings correcting camera parts to one-thousandth of an inch.

From Brazil, Malaya, the Republic of Liberia, Nigeria, and the Gold Coast of West Africa, comes rubber used on camera dollies to minimise sound. (A dolly is a rubber-tired sound truck.)

Important in the manufacture of celluloid film are such articles as camphor—from the dense jungles of Formosa; gelatine—from the hoofs of animals that once roamed the pampas in the Argentine; potassium iodide—which is extracted from a special species of Chinese seaweed.

Wig Growers

Tyrol contributes a colony of women who ban such things as permanents and finger waves. These odd workers grow their hair especially for the manufacture of wigs to be used in motion pictures.

Turning to personalities, tucked away in an unfrequented part of a studio is a tiny shack and Bill Jenkins. Bill boasts a unique and important job. Every night, week in and week out, with

an electrical machine, he files and sharpens the teeth of hundreds of saws, getting them ready for the vast army of carpenters and grips who will use them on the sets the following day.

This is only one of the countless odd occupations in a motion picture studio. There is a man who does nothing else but create cobwebs. The cobweb spinner is the industrious individual who provides miles and miles of silvery festoons of spider webs for weird settings.

Spinning them from a special process by means of a peculiarly shaped electrical gadget—a meter with an automatic gun-like handle, which spins a small fan and a perforated container of special mixture that is expelled by centrifugal force.

Then there's an artist who devotes all of his time to manufacturing artificial flowers. Flamboyant tropical flowers, fragile orchids, gladioli, violets, forget-me-nots, and every other conceivable flower, are reproduced so naturally that many a visitor on the set has bent down to smell their fragrance, only to find that the flowers are artificial.

In the early days of motion pictures, terrific rental bills were paid to art dealers for the use of statuary. Now, film-producing organisations have artists who vie with the old masters in reproducing anything in plaster from a prehistoric animal to a perfect replica of Venus de Milo.

Multitudinous indeed are the jobs of a propertyman. He produces a towel when emotional stars burst into tears, stalks around with a spray gun chasing flies, etc., which bores the artists and buzz around the "mikes"; he paints bright objects to eliminate glare; mops

THE YELLOW STREAK THAT WASN'T THERE

LET Jack Johnson tell his own story of that fight. Here it is as it was recorded thirty-three years ago.

"I figured it would take me about three rounds to size up the situation, and then I would know just the way to beat Jeffries. If I could beat him to the jab I would go right ahead and never change. If I could win with right crosses I would keep to that. If I could beat him at infighting and throw him around, I'd work that way. When you find the winning stunt, there's no use trying any new one.

"The fight went as I figured it would. Jeff tried the clinching and wrestling game, and I was ready for it. Jeff let out at long range for a spell and I dodged him. We wrestled a bit in the first two rounds, and I was feeling comfortable, because I had now made sure he wasn't going to beat me for strength.

"He was fighting the way I wanted him, so I didn't see any reason for a change. We wrestled a lot more in the third. I could tell things were going my way! Jeffries seemed happy and easy in his mind, but I could see that Corbett (Jeff's chief second) was beginning to get anxious. He (Corbett) had been talking at me all the time, trying to locate that yellow streak of mine, I suppose, but he was now telling Jeff to take it easy, which showed that he saw the roughing game wasn't going to pay against me.

JEFFRIES FORCES THE PACE.

"Jeffries started out to cut me down in the fourth, which was about the only round he did really well in. But the only harm he did was to open that old cut on my mouth. He got home some hard ones to my body as well and I went back into the ropes at times, but I was going back as he struck, so the blows didn't tell as the crowd thought they did.

"He started out confidently next round, as though he meant to hit me off my feet. I didn't reckon that he would, but it was just as well to avoid risks, so I blocked his left and let him have it from both hands, cutting his mouth and bringing him into another clinch. I uppercut him as well, and this made him shove me about. I went quite easily, but the work and the heat tired Jeff more than it did me, and the game was suiting me fine.

"He came out crouching for the sixth, and we had a spell of long-distance work. That was when I showed them the left punch they said I hadn't got. I cut his right cheek open. He rushed and we clinched, then he missed all the punches he sent to my face, and I could feel he was getting weaker.

"I knew then the fight was mine, but I wasn't throwing it away by being careless. I just met him with

my left whenever he rushed, and I was getting home easily. Jeff's punches were not so hard as they had been, and his punches were missing more and more.

JEFF FEELING SORE.

"I guessed he had discovered he couldn't box me, because by the eighth round he kept rushing me, hoping to beat me down with body blows, but I was sure he couldn't do that either. I showed him it didn't pay by jabbing him as he came in. I knew he was feeling pretty sore when he went to his corner.

"Corbett was getting rattled, and this told me that Jeff wasn't too good. But he pulled himself together and came at me like a bull in the ninth. He kept rushing me and he was still very strong, and I had to keep bashing him in the face, but he didn't appear to mind, although he was badly cut about.

"Yes, Jeffries was a good, game fighter. He must have known he was in for a beating, but he laughed and joked when

up footprints from the floors before the camera starts to grind; gets rid of squeaks, echoes, and muffles reverberations.

So you see how many odd things there are which take place behind the scenes of production.

Animal Renter

Another specialist is Bill Allman. He collects, trains and rents to the studios every conceivable reptile. He often carries a choice selection of tarantulas and centipedes in his pockets.

He is the Twentieth Century Pied Piper, using a whistle to train his snakes.

There are many of you who dislike sitting through a double-feature bill when it extends into three or four hours' entertainment. But how would you like to be a film inspector and see the same film a hundred times consecutively?

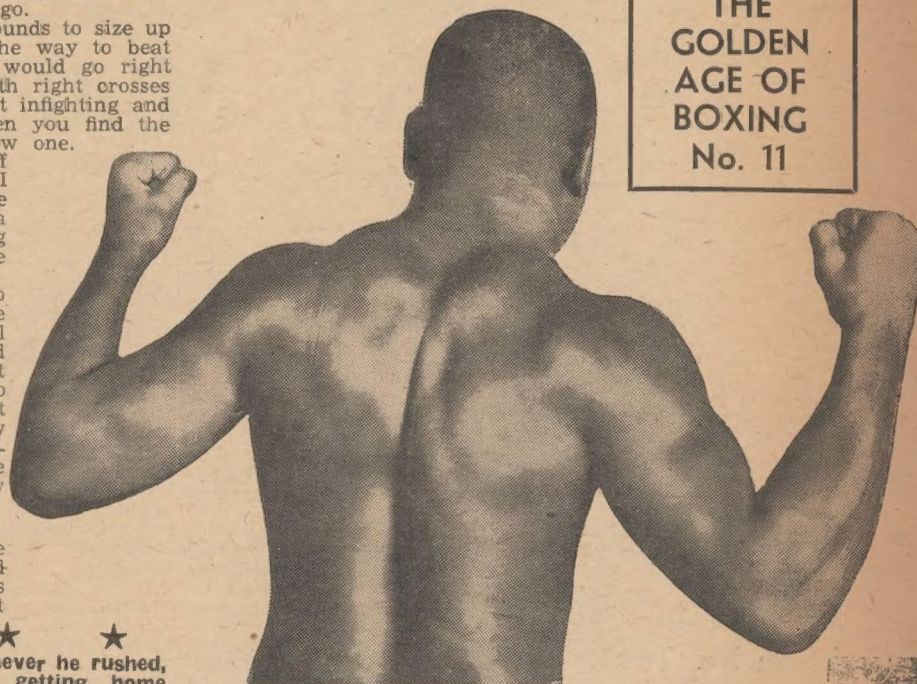
In the enormous studio laboratories of Hollywood are girl film inspectors who do nothing but view films all day long. Every "release print" as it comes from the printing machines, is taken to a small projection room and "screened for defects," the inspector intently watching every foot of it.

Another artist in his line is the man who can listen to half a dozen bars of music and immediately remember from whence it came, who wrote it, and if it is copyrighted. He listens to every bar of music in every production and minutely checks it for copyright details.

Prop. Man

Multitudinous indeed are the jobs of a propertyman. He produces a towel when emotional stars burst into tears, stalks around with a spray gun chasing flies, etc., which bores the artists and buzz around the "mikes"; he paints bright objects to eliminate glare; mops

W. H. Millier lets Jack Johnson tell his own story of his greatest fight in THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING No. 11



I landed on his jaw and ear. He again got home on my mouth, and then I had his eye nearly shut, but he was cheerful.

"He came out strongly for the tenth and went for me as hard as he could. He got right home on me several times and I reckon he hoped to knock some of the strength out of me, but I didn't mind mixing it at this stage, as I was beating him on all points, and open fighting would only mean more punishment for him. The crowd cheered him, but I could tell he was getting weak before the gong went. He couldn't put up his arms to stop my blows at the end.

"The rest doesn't want any telling. The only thing left to be decided was how much Jeffries could take. Some people say I might have finished things quicker. That is true, but it wasn't safe to take chances with Jeffries. He had pulled round once or twice, and had come at me so fiercely that I couldn't be certain he wouldn't be able to do so again. It was making doubly sure sure to get him well beaten before I went in to finish him.

STRONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT BACK.

"But he took a lot of finish-

ing. Don't let there be any mistake about that. Jeffries fought a square fight and a game one. No one can say he didn't do his best. I went all out for him from the eleventh round, but I didn't judge it wise to take any chances because he was still strong enough to fight back.

"He was nearly blind and badly cut about, but, although I landed all sorts of uppercuts and hit him hard, he wouldn't drop until the fifteenth round. I nearly had him down twice in the fourteenth, but he still staggered at me in the next and struggled to his feet twice after going down. I knocked him out and then his friends rushed into the ring to save him taking the count.

"Tex Rickard made us fight on after that, saying the fight wasn't going to end that way. There would be a real knock-out. I could have protested, but I didn't want to take chances in a wrangle, so I knocked him out again, and this time he was counted out.

"Yes, I was a bit sore when they introduced Jeffries as champion of the world, as that title belonged to me all right. Well, I made certain it belongs to me now, and I am not kicking any more."

DO YOU KNOW YOUR SOMERSET?

OVER 2,000 years ago men of the hill-tribes carried their dead chieftain to the highest point of the Somerset countryside, and when they had laid him to rest they placed a pile of great stones around and above him.

Some of the original stones still stand on the top of Dunkery Hill, on Exmoor, highest point in Southern England, with the exception of Dartmoor. But many of them were pulled up and scattered; many of them taken away to build field walls, as the centuries passed.

And in 1935 the National Trust, in whose charge a large area of Exmoor, including Dunkery Hill, had been put, erected a cairn of fixed stones on the summit.

Every year in peace-time, thousands of people go up to Dunkery. From the Beacon they saw fifteen counties on a clear day—from the hills of Herefordshire, in the North, to the dim shape of Brown Willy in Cornwall, to the South; out over the Bristol Channel and far into Gloucestershire; a span of 150 miles.

The nearby view is over the rolling moors, purple with heather in late summer, and golden with bracken in the autumn. Deep valleys, covered



Dunkery Beacon, highest point in Somerset.

with trees, break the expanse, and down them run the gurgling trout streams that go to join the Bristol Channel or the English Channel.

Red deer roam over the moors and down the valleys, and rabbits abound.

The first beacon to be set on Dunkery Hill to serve as a warning of the approach of foes, was built by orders of Edward III, in the fourteenth century. In those days, brushwood and logs formed the material for the warning signal. Later, tar barrels were used.

The beacon has flamed into the night on several occasions in recent times.

It was lit for the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and for every Coronation since. In 1937 over 5,000 sightseers climbed the ascent of Dunkery

Hill in the late twilight to await the lighting of a stack of a thousand logs and faggots, in celebration of the coronation of the present King and Queen. Countless thousands in the fifteen counties saw the flares of the 40-foot pile.

To Somerset men, Dunkery Beacon is a landmark which is ever before their eyes as they go about their work in the fertile fields, or as they pass down the roads or lanes of their countryside.

But it is almost as well-known to thousands of visitors who go to Somerset for their holidays. At a small farm on one of the lesser slopes of the Somerset hills, a couple of miles below Dunkery Hill, I came across a farmer wielding a scythe in the olden way. He looked a typical countryman, and you would have sworn he had lived a lifetime on the land.

But, when I got talking to him, I discovered that he was an old naval man who had twice travelled around the world. In the last war he served in escort vessels for our convoys.

Farmer Heard, of Coombe Farm, had had adventures in every part of the globe, from the Irish coast to the China Sea. He had come home to spend the rest of his life under the shadow of Dunkery Hill.

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is a klipspringer?
2. Who wrote (a) "Pippa Passes," (b) "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Sidewalks, Elevators, Crackers, Drug-store, Lift
4. What insect is famous for being a good mother?
5. When and by whom was Tasmania discovered?
6. What famous philosopher lived in a tub?
7. What is meant by (a) a timbrel, (b) a tumbrel?
8. What is kelp?
9. Histrionics means: Fainting? The action of wireless valves? Play-acting? Studying history?
10. How much is a rod of brickwork?
11. When did Cleopatra die?
12. Who was described as "a book in breeches"?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 109

1. An excrescence on a horse's hoof.
2. (a) Lord Byron, (b) Sir Walter Scott.
3. Umbrella; the others are garments.
4. Eight minutes.
5. 167 feet.
6. About 1½ pints.
7. Taximeter and cabriolet.
8. The sundew.
9. A character in Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend."
10. Havana, 1795.
11. Christ's Hospital, Harsham.
12. The Aga Khan, with Barham.

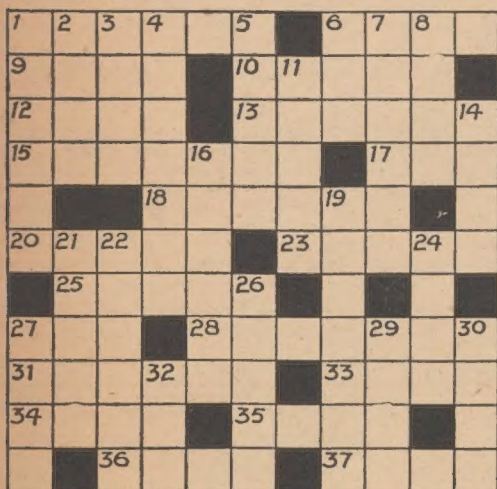
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in NOBBY, but not in CLARKE,
My second's in LIGHTER, though not in SPARK,
My third is in FOLKESTONE, yet not in MARGATE,
My fourth is in FLOATING, and not in TARGET,
My fifth is in AIRCRAFT as well as CARRIER,
My sixth is in SPRINT but not in HARRIER,
My last is in STATION, not in BARRIER.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Empty.
- 6 Scottish county.
- 9 Iris-like plant.
- 10 Believe.
- 12 Beard.
- 13 Poetry.
- 15 Whole number.
- 17 Harmful.
- 18 Bracing draughts.
- 20 Insects.
- 23 Unit of capacity.
- 25 Absurd.
- 27 Paid.
- 28 With keenness.
- 31 Co. Mayo town and island.
- 33 Unit of length.
- 34 Act.
- 35 Idle.
- 36 Piquant.
- 37 Remain.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Concealment.
- 2 Farm beasts.
- 3 Hoist.
- 4 Baby clothes.
- 5 Interlaced.
- 6 Tree.
- 7 Be emphatic.
- 8 Experience.
- 11 Danger.
- 14 Blackthorn.
- 16 Truth.
- 19 Show places.
- 21 Relative.
- 22 Part of stamen.
- 24 Stream.
- 26 Correspond.
- 27 Formed.
- 29 Split.
- 30 Dog's cry.
- 32 Girl's name.

SCRAP PUP W
TOE ORINOCO
IMPEL TAKEN
LEAVES PELT
L SACHET L
VET ARC POM
X STELLA A
GIST DAINY
ALOOF IDAHO
FERVOUR MAR
F TEG SWANS

Baron Munchausen PROVES THAT HAILSTONES DROP FROM THE MOON

I HAVE already informed you of one trip I made to the Moon, in search of my silver hatchet. I afterwards made another, in a much pleasanter manner, and stayed in it long enough to take notice of several things, which I will endeavour to describe as accurately as my memory will permit.

I went on a voyage of discovery, at the request of a distant relation, who had a strange notion that there were people to be found equal in size to those described in Gulliver's Travels. For my part, I always treated those stories as fabulous.

However, to oblige him, for he had made me his heir, I undertook it, and sailed for the south Seas, where we arrived without meeting with anything remarkable, except some flying men and women, who were playing at leap-frog and dancing minuets in the air.

On the eighteenth day after we had passed the Island of Otaheite, a hurricane blew our ship at least one thousand leagues above the surface of the water, and kept it at that height till a fresh gale arising filled the sails in every part, and onwards we travelled at a prodigious rate. Thus we proceeded above the clouds for six weeks.

At last we discovered a great land in the sky, like a shining island, round and bright, where, coming into a convenient harbour, we went on shore, and soon found it was inhabited.

Below us we saw another earth, containing cities, trees, mountains, rivers and seas, which we conjectured was this world which we had left.

Riding on vultures

Here we saw huge figures riding upon vultures of a prodigious size, and each of them having three heads. To form some idea of the magnitude of these birds, I must inform you that each of their wings is as wide and six times the length of the main sheet of our vessel, which was about six hundred tons burthen. Instead of riding upon horses, as we do in this world, the inhabitants of the Moon (for we now found that is where we were) fly about on these birds.

The king, we found, was engaged in a war with the Sun, and he offered me a commission, but I declined the honour his majesty intended me. Everything in this world is of extraordinary magnitude. A common flea being much larger than one of our sheep.

In making war, their principal weapons are radishes, which are used as darts: those who are wounded by them die immediately. Their shields are made of mushrooms, and their darts (when radishes are out of season) of the tops of asparagus.

Some of the natives of the Dog Star are to be seen here. Commerce tempts them to ramble.

Their faces are like large mastiffs, with their eyes near the lower end or tip of their noses. They have no eyelids, but cover their eyes with the end of their tongues when they go to sleep. They are generally twenty feet high.

"The cooking animals"

As to the natives of the Moon, none of them are less in stature than thirty-six feet. They are not called the human species, but "the cooking animals"—for they all dress their food by fire, as we do, but lose no time at their meals, as they open their left side and place the whole quantity at once in their stomach, then shut it again till the



same day in the next month. For they never indulge themselves with food more than twelve times a year, or once a month.

All but gluttons and epicures must prefer this method to ours. There is but one sex either of the "cooking" or any other animals in the Moon. They are all produced from trees of various sizes and foliage. That which produces "the cooking animal," or human species, is much more beautiful than any of the others. It has large, straight boughs and flesh-coloured leaves, and the fruit it produces are nuts or pods, with hard shells at least two yards long.

When they become ripe, which is known from their changing colour, they are gathered with great care, and laid by as long as they think proper. When they choose to animate the seed of these nuts, they throw them into a large cauldron of boiling water, which opens the shells in a few hours, and out jumps the creature.

Nature forms their minds for different pursuits before they come into the world. From one shell comes forth a warrior, from another a philosopher, from a third a clergyman, from a fourth a lawyer, from a fifth a farmer, from a sixth a clown, and each of them immediately begin to perfect themselves, by practising what they before knew only in theory.

When they grow old, they do not die, but turn into air and dissolve like smoke! As for their drink, they need none. The only evacuations they have are insensible, and by their breath.

Detachable heads

They have but one finger upon each hand, with which they perform everything in as perfect a manner as we do who have four besides the thumb. Their heads are placed under their right arm, and when they are going to travel or about any violent exercise, they generally leave them at home, for they can consult them at any distance. This is a very common practice, and when those of rank or quality among the Moonpeople have an inclination to see what's happening among the ordinary people, they stay at home—that is, the body stays at home and they send the head only, which is suffered to be present incognito, and return at pleasure with an account of what has passed.

The stones of their grapes are exactly like hail, and I Continued on Page 3.

ODD
CORNER

IN 1845 a visitor ran amok in the British Museum and smashed the priceless Portland Vase to splinters. Yet all the chips were carefully collected up and stuck together again, and the vase is still one of the Museum's show pieces.

In the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, there is a skeleton of a giant armadillo from the Argentine. It is eleven feet long, and its back consists of thousands of bony plates. These arrived at the Museum in a sack, and they were all patiently pieced together by experts from their knowledge of the extinct creature's anatomy.

A workman in New Zealand accidentally drove his pickaxe through a valuable bird's egg, and Dr. Crompton, the archaeologist, set to work to pick up the hundreds of small fragments and put them together again. He managed this by sticking them carefully over the surface of a coconut the same size as the egg.

WANGLING
WORDS—72

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after RMI, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of SECRET LIFE to make an English manufacturing town.
3. Change STEAK into CHIPS, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration.
4. Change in the same way: MAIN into LINE, LAMB into PEAS, KISS into LIPS.
5. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from REPREHENSIBLE?

Answer to Wangling
Words—No. 71

1. INGrainING.
2. NOTTINGHAM.
3. FAIR, PAIR, PAIN, WAIN, WAIT, WRIT, GRIT, GROT, TROT, TROY, TRAY, PRAY, PLAY.
4. GAME, SAME, SATE, RATE, RATS, PATS, PITS, PIES.
5. MUCH, MUCK, MOCK, MONK, HONK, HONE, LONE, LORE, MORE.
6. DEAD, LEAD, LEAN, BEAN, BEAT, MEAT, TEAT, THAT, CHAT, CHAP, CHOP, SHOP, SHOT.
7. Size, Gaze, Maze, Gain, Game, Magi, Same, Sine, Sage, Mine, Name, Seam, Mane, Main, Sing, etc.
8. Gazes, Mazes, Gains, Games, Names, Mizen, Manes, Mines, Zamia, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Looks rather rude to us, but actually it is a folk dance of Norway, Sweden, Holland, Rumania, or Denmark. Can you decide which, for us? Answer to yesterday's Quiz: A Saxophone.

JANE

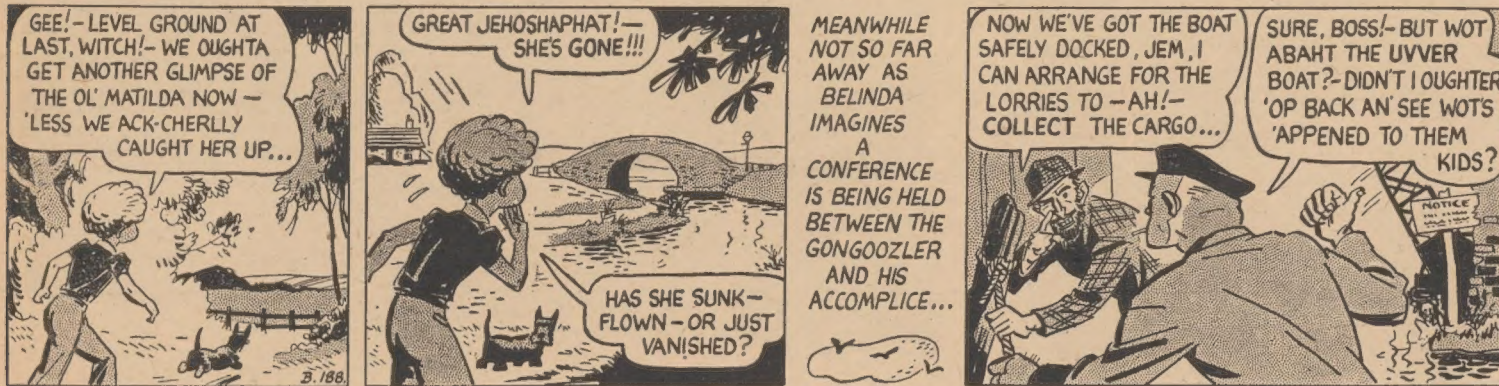
Since Peter's return, the other pages in King Conrad's Court have mysteriously avoided "Queen" Jane...



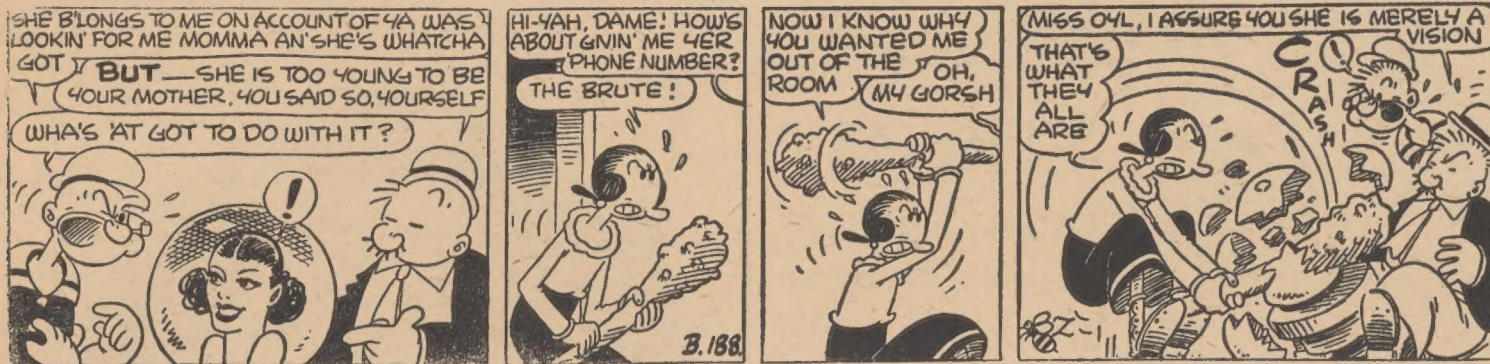
Beelzebub Jones



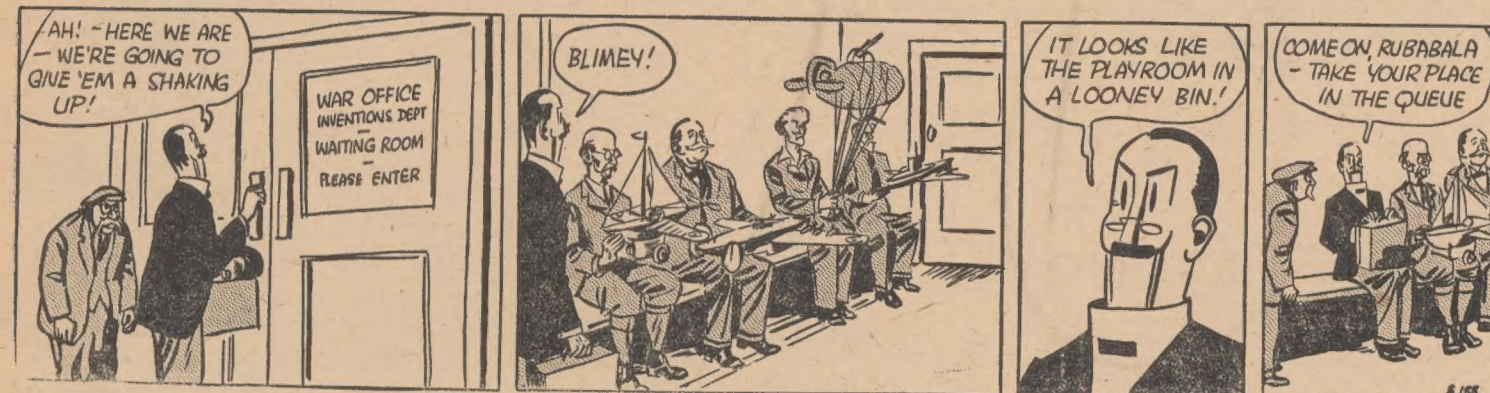
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Continued from Page 2.
am perfectly satisfied that when a storm or high wind in the Moon shakes their vines and breaks the grapes from the stalks, the stones fall down and form our hall showers.
I would advise those who are of my opinion to save a quantity of these stones when it hails next, and make Lunarian wine.

Bellies like sacks

Some material circumstances I had nearly omitted. They put their bellies to the same use as we do a sack, and throw whatever they have occasion for into it, for they can shut and open it again when they please, as they do their stomachs. They are not troubled with bowels, liver, heart, or any other intestines, neither are they encumbered with clothes, nor is there

any part of their bodies unseemly or indecent to exhibit.

Their eyes they can take in and out of their places when they please, and can see as well with them in their hand as in their head! And if by any accident they lose or damage one, they can borrow or purchase another, and see as clearly with it as their own.

Dealers in eyes are on that account very numerous in most parts of the Moon, and in this article alone all the inhabitants are whimsical. Sometimes

green and sometimes yellow eyes are the fashion.

I know these things appear strange, but if the shadow of a doubt can remain on any person's mind, I say, let him take a voyage there himself, and then he will know I am a traveller of veracity.

Solution to Allied Ports.
BELFAST.

GOLIATH BEETLE BENDS KEYS

By G. N. Doran, Zoologist

IF a man in the average was as strong as some insects he would be able to lift a submarine and carry it around, pull his house up by the roots, or tear down trees with his hands.

To lift a railway truck would be, to him, a comparatively small matter. Why has not man this proportionate strength? Nobody knows.

I have studied insects for many years, and I can corroborate the statement of a well-known scientist that the strongest thing living on this earth, for his size, is the Goliath beetle of Africa.

The male has a special projection in front of his head that he uses like a crowbar. He uses it to lever his way under the bark of trees.

GRIPS LIKE A VICE.

It has been asserted that this beetle has a spot between his neck and shoulders that acts as a vice and that insect hunters have had their fingers broken by grabbing him there. One experiment showed that the Goliath actually bent a fair-sized key that was laid on the spot.

The ant-lion of the Himalayas is able to lift pebbles a dozen times its own weight and hurl them about.

The black carpenter ant of U.S.A. can lift a dead spider in its jaws and carry it away upright, although the spider weighs many times more than the ant.

The average weight of the horn-beetle is about two grammes, yet a specimen has been known to lift a weight of 400 grammes.

Mr. S. F. Aaron, the American naturalist, experimented with a scarabeid beetle, and found that it could lift and carry without any great effort a weight of eight and a quarter ounces, which was more than 850 times its own weight.

Even the common lobster can put a squeeze on an object that is beyond man's comparative ability. The actual measurement of one specimen worked out at seven times the power in a strong man's thumb and forefinger.

THE LIMPET'S HOLD.

I have tried to get the holding power of limpets. It usually requires a force many times its own weight to dislodge it from the rock to which it clings. One took a force of 60lbs. This was nearly 2,000 times the weight of the limpet. It has been suggested that it is not only suction that enables the limpet family to grip, but a thick glue that the creature exudes from its foot.

A remarkable case of the "sticking" powers of an owl-fish was demonstrated not long ago. It was lifted out of a bucket containing several gallons of water; or rather it was tried to lift it out. The owl-fish took the bucket with it.

On another occasion a fisher tried to get an owl-fish off a rock which was several times its own size. When at last the fish was lifted, the rock came with it!

Just before the war a Belgian naturalist was experimenting with bees and their tractive power.

He found that a drone could pull fifteen times its own weight and a honey-bee could beat this easily. A honey-bee dragged an object over twenty times its weight.

A blow-fly has pulled a tiny truck on wheels weighing 170 times its own weight, and an earwig once moved a toy coach on wheels that was over 300 times its weight.

The point is that these insects were not trained specially for the jobs. They were ordinary insects. Only specially trained athletes, like the late Eugene Sandow, can exert strength of special note among men; and man in the average is a puny thing compared to the insects.

Sid Field says—

I MET my doctor the other day. He's in the Army now. He was examining a man recently, and asked him, "If I cut one of your ears off, how would it affect you?" "I couldn't hear," replied the man. "That's right. And if I cut off both ears?" "I couldn't see," "What do you mean?" said the doctor, "I said cut off your ears—not your eyes."

"I couldn't see," repeated the man doggedly, "my hat would come down over my eyes."

YOU WANT GAMES—

Ludo, Draughts, Card Games? "GOOD MORNING" Ship's Cat's Kitty exists to collect for and despatch to submariners the recreational comforts they need. We have all these things on our list—if you need them, or any other game or article of recreation not mentioned, write to us at the address at top of back page.

WE MAY HAVE THEM

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



THAT'S A KITTYHAWK



And who should make better spotters than these alert sky-gazers? Even our night-fighters need cat's eyes to detect the enemy.

ST-E-A-D-Y

Go easy little lady . . . step out by all means, but never let me catch you on one foot.

This England



Wild geese in flight. In these days the "V" formation seems more appropriate than ever.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

This dame sure is "Heady."



Say, who let her aboard? Never dreamt we'd get Hedy Lemarr as a stow-away.